

## A Dangerous Encounter

by Agent New Hampshire

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Summary: Agent Maine and Agent New Hampshire meet, and things get serious.

## A Dangerous Encounter

**\*\*A Dangerous Encounter\*\***

I knew Agent Maine was following me from the minute the staff meeting ended. Despite stealth being his specialty, even he couldn't navigate the chokingly small hallways to our quarters without managing a racket. His quarters were located on the far side of the building, which we had already passed, so it was clear that I was his target. Ever since we were paired as partners for Project Freelancer's last big operation, he seemed to always be around me, lurking. As though he had an obsession.

I whirled around a corner in an attempt to cut him off, but my shoulder caught on the edge of the wall, slowing me drastically. Adrenaline gushed through my veins as Maine turned the corner and nearly lunged at me. I was trapped. His arms were propped against the wall on either side of my head as he leaned towards me. Sharp brown eyes gleamed behind his semi-opaque visor.

"What are you doing, Maine?" I growled, my jaw set.

"Nothing, Miss New Hampshire," he attested in a voice that was as rumbling and dangerous as a shifting glacier.

"Don't call me that," I snapped and labored to escape the shadow of his broad shoulders. He settled closer towards me, ultimately boxing me in until there was no way out. The expression in his eyes as he stared me down was portentous.

"Quiet," he murmured, and put his arms lower, embracing me. I struggled for a moment, and then stopped. Warmth emanated from beneath his armor, and I noticed how comfortable our bodies fitted

together. His broad shoulders, which had moments earlier appeared foreboding and overpowering, now appeared capable and protective. He placed his hands on the sides of my helmet and my heart fluttered. Carefully, he lifted the metal vessel and placed it on the ground. The air that flooded into my lungs was unfiltered and clear, tasting fresh, cool, and enticing. His own helmet was soon placed beside mine.

It was almost comical, the way they looked on the ground. For so long I had pictured my fellow Freelancer's faces as their visors and helmets, and seeing Maine's face was almost dreamlike. Even I expected to take off my Mark VI helmet to find another helmet underneath, so seeing another human face was a revelation. I never expected Agent Maine to be particularly attractive, but his appearance was that of a man much younger than I would have ever guessed. His feathery hair, which was a few shades darker than that of his eyes, tenderly framed his face. The features of his face looked as though they were sculpted from an ancient Greek statue. And oh, his eyes; thoughts were constantly swirling beneath the deep pools of chocolate that were his irises. His eyelashes were long and gave him an innocent look, though the expression on his face told a different story.

Subconsciously, I gravitated towards his bare face. The space between us could be measured in inches, and I could smell Maine's breath. My eyelids quavered as he descended upon my lips, engaging me in a passionate kiss that lasted for nearly a whole minute. His embrace tightened, nearly robbing me of my breath. Our armor was so close that it made shrill scraping noises as we rubbed against one another.

Maine pulled me off of the wall and lead me to a door around the corner. I clutched his sturdy center and together we stumbled into what I think was an electrical maintenance closet. Maine held me tight and we lowered ourselves onto the floor, with me lying on top of him. I leaned in to kiss him again, but to my surprise he grabbed my hair and rolled on top of me. His weight was nearly crushing, and my breath became short. We kissed in that position for a period of time that seemed to never end, until Maine suddenly raised himself upright.

"Armor off. Now," he commanded, his voice frighteningly inauspicious. I told him I would comply, but first he would have to get off of me. Reluctantly, he lifted himself from me and retreated to outside the closet.

Once alone, I began to take my armor off when my actions began to catch up with me. \_I don't really know Maine. If I do this, it'll surely come back to me as something bad. What if I don't get an AI? \_I blanched at the thought. Without an AI, my chances of surviving the Director's ridiculous missions and experiments would be slim to none. \_How do I get out of a situation like this? \_

A beeping noise jolted me out of my thoughts. I looked down at my tacpad to see a Code Beta alert. \_Code Beta? \_ I shot out of the closet like a bullet, rushing straight past Agent Maine.

"New Hampshire!" he cried as I rocketed down the hall. I stopped and stared blankly at him.

"I got a call," I said dully. "Command needs me."

"Oh, okay. So if \_Command \_calls you, it's the most important thing in the world," he sneered. The look in his eyes was apathetic and cold.

"What is your problem, Maine?" I scoffed. "Command is \_important\_. This is our jobs. This is why we're here!"

Maine only glared at me and picked up his helmet. "Just don't be expecting to see me anytime soon."

Carefully, I placed my helmet back over my head and reported to headquarters. Whatever was up with Maine wasn't my problem. I tried to forget our encounter, but the cold look in his eyes didn't escape my mind for weeks. The ideas running through his mind; what could he be thinking? What could the mysterious force that was his imagination be fabricating now?

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file.